

Nas, A Message To The Feds, Sincerely, We The

[Verse 1: Nas]

I walk the block like whatever god, my message to y'all feds
Who desperate to arrest us young, benevolent hardheads
Abrochrombie & Finch rockin', wrist glistenin' marksman
Hitchcock of Hip-Hop since Big Pop departed
The project logic is still salute the dead, glocks spit
Pour some juice out for those in Manchester, Viewmount
Otisville, Newasberg, Fort Dicks, Fort Worth, Oakdale
Every fed jail where all my dawgs lurk
War hurts much to gain 'til the day we all say
May your pain be champagne then we all blaze away
At our enemies, may they die easily
Long as they perish forever's what freedom means to me
Blowin' greenery, growing eager to see evil things
Thrown away, zonin' grey, GT, Diesel jeans
Airs and Chucks, solitaires, stones with the rarest cuts
On some Pretty Tone shit, haircut looks airbrushed
And they're aware of us though
And we don't give a flyin' 7-47 fuck though
Stayin' on my hus-tle
[beat change]

[Verse 2: Nas]

A message to those who trapped us up, from federal guys who backed them up
We never will die, we black and tough, lead in your eye, we strapped to bust
Half of us been locked up inside the beast, look at the time we see
Brooklyn to Compton streets, Queens, even the Congo needs dreams
Our bullets and triggers our enemies pullin' on innocent women and children
It wasn't no ghetto killers who mixed up the coke and put guns in our buildings
But I'm not gon' cry, and I'm not gon' stand just watch you die
I'ma pass you a .9, I'ma grab your hand -- come on let's ride
A message to those who killed the king, who murdered the Christ
The same regime, what God has built you never can break
What God has loved you never can hate, man makes rules and laws
You just a ruthless dog, your kennel is waiting
You devils will run back into the caves you came from
Whenever that day comes, forty-acres, plantations, see every race won
Sincerely yours, Street's Disciple, revelations